Trio for Three Soprano Voices

"Friend of my soul"

Words by T. Moore To the Miss Tiddley Music by E.W. Hamilton

friend of my soul

Tis not so sweet as

chase a-way that pensive tear
Woman's lips but oh 'tis more 'tis more sincere 'tis

got lep sip 'twill chase a way that pensive tear 'tis

not so sweet as woman's lips but 'tis more 'tis

not so sweet as woman's lips but 'tis more 'tis

cred

cred
more sincere But oh! As more To more sincere like

woman's life But oh! Oh! more sincere like

woman's life But oh! Oh! more sincere like

her delusive beam, O'er steal away thy mind. But like affection's dream.

her delusive beam, O'er steal away thy mind. But like affection's dream.

her delusive beam, O'er steal away thy mind. But like affection's dream.
leaves no sting behind like her delusive beam, we'll leave no sting behind like her delusive beam. We'll steal away thy mind but like affection's dream it leaves no sting behind. Pp

Steal away thy mind but like affection's dream it leaves no sting behind. Pp

Steal away thy mind but like affection's dream it leaves no sting behind. Pp
Lovely flowers were called at noon,
Like women's love the rose will fade. But
Not half so soon like brow to shade,
Nor lovely flowers called at noon.
'tis

Woman's love is like the rose will fade, But oh! not half so
Cresc.

Woman's love is like the rose will fade, But oh! not half so
dim.

soon...

Come twice the year shall Browne to shade, there

soon...

Come twice the year shall Browne to shade there

...
lovely flowers were call'd at noon like woman's love the
flour

rose will fade but ah! not half so soon for
rose will fade but ah! not half so soon for